"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

The Christian Freeman.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FRENCH WORKMAN.

I went one day with my friend Maurice to the house of one of the largest contractors in Paris, about some information that had been asked for from the master-mason, and which I had put on paper from his dictation.

The contractor was not in his office, so we had to be taken through several rooms to go and join him in the garden. All the way there were gay-coloured carpets; furniture with gilded feet; hangings of silk and velvet curtains. I had never seen anything to equal it. I opened my eyes, and walked on the tips of my toes, not to crush the flowers on the carpet. Maurice watched me out of the corner of his eye.

"Well, how do you like the house?" said he, slyly; "does it seem comfortable, and substantial enough?"

I answered that it looked like a prince's palace.

"Prince of the hod and the trowel, then," said my companion, "and do you see how honourable it is to him. He has three more such houses in Paris, besides a chateau in the country."

I did not answer for the moment. The sight of all this opulence moved something evil within me. After looking at so much silk and velvet I looked at myself, I hardly know why, and I was ashamed of being so badly dressed. But mixed with my shame there was discontent, and I was disposed to hate the master of all this wealth for having made me feel my own poverty.

Meanwhile Maurice, nothing doubting, ran on upon the beauties of the place.

I listened with impatience, my heart beating, and the blood mounting into my face. I could not look enough, but the more I looked the more envious I grew.

We were standing in an end room while the servant was fetching his master. Presently Maurice pointed out a shabby little portrait in a black frame, hanging in the midst of grand pictures framed splendidly. It represented a workman in his blouse, holding a pipe in one hand and a compass in the other. It was a little half-crown picture, such as you see specimens of hanging at shop-doors.

"There's the man himself," said the mason.

"He has been a workman, then," said I.

"Just like you and me," answered Maurice, "and you see he is not ashamed of it."

I looked at the little black picture-frame, and then at the costly furniture, as if my mind was trying to find the transition from one to the other.

"Ah, that puzzles your wit," said the mason, laughing. "You are looking for the ladder that helped him down into all this, from the top of his scaffold. But it is not everybody that knows how to use it, you see. And trying to seize it, many a one has lost his hold, for want of a good clutch and cleverness."

I observed that after all you needed a chance; that everything was luck or ill-luck in this world, and we had no hand in making success. "For instance, Maurice," added I, bitterly, "Why have not you a grand house as well as he who lives here? Are you less deserving? or not so good as he? If he has succeeded better than you, is it not just entirely a matter of chance?"

Maurice looked at me with a twinkle in his eye. "You speak for me, but it's yourself you are thinking of," said he wickedly.

"It is all one," answered I, a little vexed to be so looked through. "I don't pass for a bad workman, and am no more

a lag-behind than another, and if doing your duty would make a rich man, I might ride in a carriage too."

"A way of walking that would just suit you," added my companion ironically.

"And why not? Every one would rather save his own legs than the horses. But no fear that that will happen to me! Down here, look you, just as formerly with the nobility, everything for the eldest son, nothing for the youngers; and we are the youngers."

"That is very true," murmured my foreman, who suddenly became meditative.

"And we are not to say anything," I went on, "since it's so settled; that is justice, and not to be altered! Only look you, it makes my blood boil to see the different shares different men have! How comes it that this man lives in a palace, while others perch in a pigeon-hole? Why do all these carpets and silk and velvet belong to him rather than to us?" . . . .

"Because I earned it!" interrupted somebody suddenly.

I made a great start. The contractor was behind us in embroidered slippers and a dressing-gown. He was a little man, beginning to turn grey, strongly built, and with a commanding voice.

"So it seems you are a reasoner, are you?" said he, looking me full in the face; "you are envious of me, and want to know by what right my house belongs to me rather than to you. Very well, you shall know. Come this way."

And he moved towards an inner door. I hesitated. He turned back. "Are you afraid?" said he, in a tone that made my colour rise.

"Let the citizen show me the way," said I, almost rudely. He took us into a room in the middle of which was set out a long table covered with paint-cups, brushes, rules, and compasses. On the wall were hanging coloured plans representing various sections of a building. Here and there upon shelves were small models of winding stairs or some other woodwork. Mariners' compasses, mathematical instruments, and many things I did not know the use of. An immense stand for papers, with compartments all labelled, was at the end of the room; and heaped up on a desk were a number of accounts and estimates. The contractor stopped before the large table, and showed a coloured drawing. "Here is a plan that wants altering: the building is to be three yards smaller, but without lessening the number of rooms; and the place for the staircase is to be determined upon. Sit you down, and make me a sketch of the thing."

I looked at him with astonishment, and begged him to notice that I did not know how to draw.

"Then look over for me this surveyor's bill," said he, taking a bundle of papers from his desk. "There are three hundred dozen articles to check."

I answered I was not at all up in such work to be able to check the price or verify the measures.

"You can at least tell me," continued the contractor, "what are the formalities to be gone through concerning the three houses I am just going to build. You know the law respecting not blocking the neighbours' lights."

I interrupted him bluntly, saying I was not a lawyer.

"And as you are not a banker either," the contractor continued, "no doubt you are ignorant of the terms at which to fix the scale of payments; which is the suitable time necessary for the sale; what interest I ought to have for my capital not to come to bankruptcy. As you are not a merchant you will perhaps be puzzled to name for me the provinces for procuring the best materials; and to point out the best time for purchasing, and the cheapest ways of transport. As you are not a mechanician, it is useless for me to ask you whether the crane which you have just seen the model of will give the best economy of forces. As you are not a mathematician, you would try in vain this new principle for a bridge which I am going to apply at the Lower Seine. In short, as you know nothing beyond what a hundred thousand other workmen also know, you are only good for what they are—handling the hammer and the trowel!"

I was completely disconcerted, and I twisted my hat round and round without making any reply.

"Do you now understand why I live in a great house, while you live in an attic?" he began again. "It is because I have taken trouble. It is because I have learned all that you have neglected to learn. It is that by dint of hard study and resolute will I have worked up to be

general, while you have remained among the awkward squad By what right do you ask then for the same advantages as your superiors? Ought not society to reward each one according to the services he has performed? If you wish that society should treat you as it has treated me, do what I have done: shorten your bread to buy books; spend your days in working and your nights in learning; look out everywhere for knowledge, as the merchant looks out after his profit; and when you have shown that nothing discourages you, when you understand men and matters, then if you remain in your cellar come and complain, and then they will see about listening to you.

The contractor grew quite animated with speaking, and finished by being somewhat in a rage.

But still I answered nothing. His eloquence had taken away my speech. Maurice, who saw my discomfiture, tried a few words to justify me, and then came to the subject of our visit.

The contractor examined the note I had drawn up, asked some explanations, then bade us good day: but just at the moment that I was passing through the door he called me back.

"Mind you remember what I have been saying to you, comrade," said he, with a good-natured familiarity. "And instead of being envious, try to have a little honest ambition. Don't lose your time grumbling against those who are at top, but work instead at twisting a rope to pull you up too; and if I can ever help you at it, you have only to speak, and I will lend you the first whisp of twine.

E. SOUVESTRE.

THE DUTY OF UNITARIANISM.

UNITARIANISM seems to be agitated as to what is its real duty with respect to its treatment of other religious sects. Many think that we should be absolutely unsectarian, while others believe that strenuous efforts of a highly sectarian character should yet be made. Every time the subject is discussed the string that holds the two ideas gets straighter and tighter. Pulling at both ends are brave men and true, and therefore that good will be the result we have not the slightest doubt. We believe that truth is suspended from both ends of the string, and therefore that we are striving to strike a difference between things which are perfectly compatible. There is no need to range ourselves in different ranks—sectarian and unsectarian—for it is possible to belong to both. As a man may be both a father and a son, so we believe we may be both sectarian and unsectarian—both willing to knock down error and to build up truth, and at the same time to co-operate in all works of religious usefulness with any of our fellow-Christians of other denominations. Surely, because we are desirous of joining in works of philanthropy and Christian charity with our Methodist friends and others, we are not bound to wink at what we consider the errors of their faith; nor are we, we think, in any way justified in so doing. But both principles are perfectly compatible with each other. We may when we join for philanthropic purposes do so with a right good will; and so, when we are called upon to advance or defend our faith, we may do that also with an equally right good will.

We admit that we should be ready to take part in all undertakings for the good of the world at large; but, to say that we must cease to promulgate our own sectarian principles is either to doubt their truthfulness or to give up our faith in the practical importance of truth itself. But surely we have not come to this.

We venture to affirm, however, that the same principles which are applied to commercial and political life may also be applied to the religious and the sectarian life. For the sake of commercial and social interests, Liberals and Tories, forgetting their distinctive principles and the anger of the last debate, mingle together and conduct their mutual affairs from day to day. But this does not debar them, when another occasion arises, from standing apart and again discussing, with warmth and vigour, their social and political differences. The interest of the one does not interfere with the interest of the other. Why then should the interests of sectarianism interfere with the interests of unsectarianism? Why then should we, while we are willing to work with and for others, hide under a bushel the light we possess?

F. SUMMERS.

THE MOTHER'S KISS.

GEORGE BROWN wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, he spoke roughly, and went off, slamming the door behind him.

Instead of saying, "I should really like to go; but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to do my best to be content to stay," instead of saying and feeling so, he behaved in the way I have described—just as many boys do. George was fourteen; and, with fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop; hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed, and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother.

"My mother, who deserves nothing but kindness, and love, and obedience from me," he said to himself, "I can never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved, her eldest boy! How she nursed me through the fever!"

He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning. He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? Are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one ear and eye open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother; and may God in his mercy help me never to behave so again!"

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms, and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now; but he says that kiss was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened its roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and Christian manhood.

THE TRINITY.

"No person who understands what the doctrine of the Trinity is, believes it." Our neighbours do not see the point. We will try to help them by a few quotations from authors of high "Orthodoxy."

Dr. South says, in his sermons, vol. iii., p. 240: "For that any one should be both father and son to the same person (to David), produce himself, be cause and effect too, and so the copy give being to the original, seems at first sight so very strange and unaccountable, that were it not to be adored as a mystery, it would be exploded as a contradiction."

Dr. Edward Young, in his "Letters on Infidelity," says: "Faith in these mysteries is more acceptable to God than faith in the less abstruse articles of religion, because it pays that honour that is due to his testimony; and the more seemingly incredible is the matter which we believe, the more respect we show to the relator of it."

Dr. Hey, in his lectures on Divinity, says: "Did I understand what I say, I might be a Tritheist or an infidel, but I could not better worship the one true God and acknowledge Jesus Christ to be Lord of all. It might tend to promote moderation, and, in the end, agreement, if we were industrious on all occasions to represent our own doctrine as wholly unintelligible."

Prof. Stuart, in the *Biblical Repository* for April, 1835, says: "Who will venture to say that any of the definitions heretofore given of personality in the Godhead in itself considered—I mean such definitions as have their basis in the Nicene or Athanasian creed—are intelligible and satisfactory to the mind? At least I can truly say that I have not been able to find them if they do in fact exist, nor, so far as I know, has any one been able, by any commentary on them, to render them clear and satisfactory. If I say in words that Christ and the Spirit are God, and very God, and say this ever so strongly or so often, and yet assign to them attributes or a condition which, after all, makes them dependent, and represents them as derived and originated, though I am in fact no real believer in the doctrine of true equality among the persons of the Godhead, or else I use expressions out of their lawful and

accustomed sense and lose myself amid the sound of words, while things are not examined and defined with scrupulous care and accuracy."

Lord Bacon says: "A Christian is one that believes things his reason cannot comprehend."

Sir Thomas Browne says: "I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. This I think is no vulgar part of faith, to believe a thing not only above, but against, the arguments of our proper senses."

Bishop Beveridge, in his "Private Thoughts on Religion," says: "I ever did, and ever shall, look upon those apprehensions of God to be the truest whereby we apprehend Him to be the most incomprehensible, and that to be the most true of God which seems most impossible to us. Upon this ground, therefore, it is that the mysteries of the Gospel, which I am less able to conceive, I think myself the more obliged to believe; especially this mystery of mysteries, the Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, which I am so far from being able to apprehend, that I cannot set myself seriously to think of it, or to screw up my thoughts a little concerning it, but I immediately lose myself as in a trance or ecstacy."

OUTLINES OF SERMONS.

We have more than once been consulted about the importance of publishing a volume of outlines of sermons, chiefly from the published works of Unitarian ministers. We are very much gratified to be able to say that such a volume is now in our hands, through the patient and careful labour of a Unitarian lady in London. We can scarcely over-estimate the value of this book, of upwards of one hundred outlines of the best sermons in print, of Priestley, Price, Channing, Harris, Kenrick, Buckminster, Dewey, Carpenter, Fox, Madge, &c. &c. They are on the whole of a sterling Unitarian character, and ministers and laymen will be equally profited by reading them. In addition, there is at the end of the volume a table of dates relating to all the principal events in the history of religious reformation. The book can be had for three shillings and sixpence, post free. Address, H. Brace, 178, Strand, London.

THE RELATION OF MIRACLES TO THE PRESENT AGE.

REV. PROF. C. C. EVERETT.

Paul affirms that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Christ was the same; before the generation that he left upon the earth had passed away his relation to the earth had changed. His work shapes itself afresh to meet the needs of every successive generation. Compare the Christ of the first, of the thirteenth, and of the nineteenth centuries. How various they seem, and yet Christ is always the same. His work is substantially the same; but, because the ages change, the methods of this work change. Nor is any age a recipient alone. Each age contributes something to the work of Christ. Christ is present to the nineteenth century at once as a problem and as a power. No questions have stirred more deeply the heart of the age than those which have to do with his person and his office. If the age, in any fundamental forms of its thought, seem to stand in opposition to Christ, this apparent opposition is only the antithesis of elements which belong together. Christ's work was of a kind which could not be done all at once. All that it was possible for any soul to do at one epoch he did. He infused into the world a spirit of love, and faith, and consecration, the enthusiasm for humanity. Then he left his trust in the world to be as the little leaven which by and by leaveneth the whole lump. His external history contains elements opposed to the spirit of this age. The very idea of a miracle is in opposition to the fundamental axioms of present thought. The writers who best represent this thought affirm with Strauss that the time is past when a miracle can be believed. But the miraculous is inextricably intertwined with the history of Christ. We have the testimony of Paul, one of the grandest souls that ever lived, to the most important of the miracles of Jesus, namely, his manifestation of himself to his disciples after his death. But, if we cannot eliminate the miraculous from the history of Christ, neither can we eliminate from the spirit of the age that element which finds it hard to accept a miracle. The one complements the other, for it is in face of this determined incredulity that a miracle is first

seen to be really a miracle. To the savage, one thing is as strange as another; everything is a miracle, or nothing is. From the background of absolute law, which this age has placed behind it, a miracle stands forth, demanding yet defying credence. It defies known law, yet proves the existence of unknown law, stretching far beyond our ken. The spirit of the age needs the miraculous to check its arrogance, to teach it that, much as it has attained, unknown worlds lie beyond. Within these external facts of Christ's history abides the vitalising spirit of his teachings. And the leaven has not lost its power. The spirit of this age is better than we are in the habit of calling it. It is money-loving, we say; but it is, above all, truth-loving. Not the quest of gold but the quest of truth is the one for which future generations will remember it. Christ was not a truth-seeker. He was true, indeed; but the life was more to him than the truth; to be was more than to know. He spoke with authority; and to-day he still speaks with authority to an age which is disposed to reject all authority. To him truth came by spiritual intuition; to this age it comes by scientific scrutiny. As the voices of the natural world come to our ears without our listening to them, so the voice of God came to the ears of Christ without his listening for it. And this was the ground of the authority with which he spoke. He transmitted the word of God which he heard.

The truth taught by Jesus and the truth taught by the age need each other moreover. Christ taught that God is love; this has to be supplemented by the truth that God is law, and this latter truth is the offering which the spirit of the age brings to Christ. Jesus bids us love our neighbour; the steam and the lightning of this age brings our neighbour at the ends of the earth near to us, and make it practicable for us to love him. But if the truth of Jesus needs the age, still more does the age need his truth. Hard and dry indeed would be the mechanism of the time, the laws of science, the maxims of political economy, without the interpenetrating truth of Christ. Always when the spirit forsakes the body the body sinks into decay. Behind the power of Christ's teaching is the power of his personality. The tendency of the present age is to generalise, to disavow personality. In war it is no longer the might of the strong arm, but the skill of battalions. Hector and Achilles have fallen, but we have the needle-gun. Christ was possessed by the most intense sense of personality ever experienced by mortal. And yet he was no spontaneous or instantaneous growth; he was the Son of man as well as of God —the flower of preceding ages. The sun, indeed, draws from the plant the flower; but not the sun himself could kindle the flame of the rose upon the bramble's stalk.

TO THE TRUE GOD.

[A PARAPHRASE OF A SERMON BY ST. AUGUSTINE]

O, LIVING, loving eye of day!
O, life of spring and summer's bliss,
May we the creatures homage pay,
And bless thee for a world like this?

O, eye of night! O countless eyes!
Which gleam above in purple space,
Are ye the gods to whom should rise
Our praises for your ceaseless grace?

I read your answer, glancing bright—
"We serve a law; we serve a will.
The uncreated Light of Light
Ordained us first, sustains us still."

O! laws which rule the earth and sea,
O! laws of matter, laws of thought;
O! cycles in eternity,
With change and sameness ever fraught!

Are ye our gods? Ye answer "No;
Laws are not life! laws are not will.
The viewless march of Him we show,
Who doth His own creation fill."

Fair is the world, but fairer He
Whose beauty on creation lies,
Reflected when the slumbering sea
Smiles answering to the smiling skies.

Strong is the driving tempest's will;
Mighty is ocean when he raves;
But the tempest's roar can still,
And calm the ocean's troubled waves.

The sun comes forth with giant might
To run his course at break of day;
He sinks in gold, and peerless night
Pursues her star-begemmed way!

O Will, O Law, O Wisdom, Love!
O Goodness, Greatness, Beauty, Might!
O, Life of all below, above,
O, causeless, endless Fount of Light!

Supreme above, around, within!
O, God of gods! reign Thou alone!
Remove the only blemish—sin—
And make Thy creatures all Thy own.

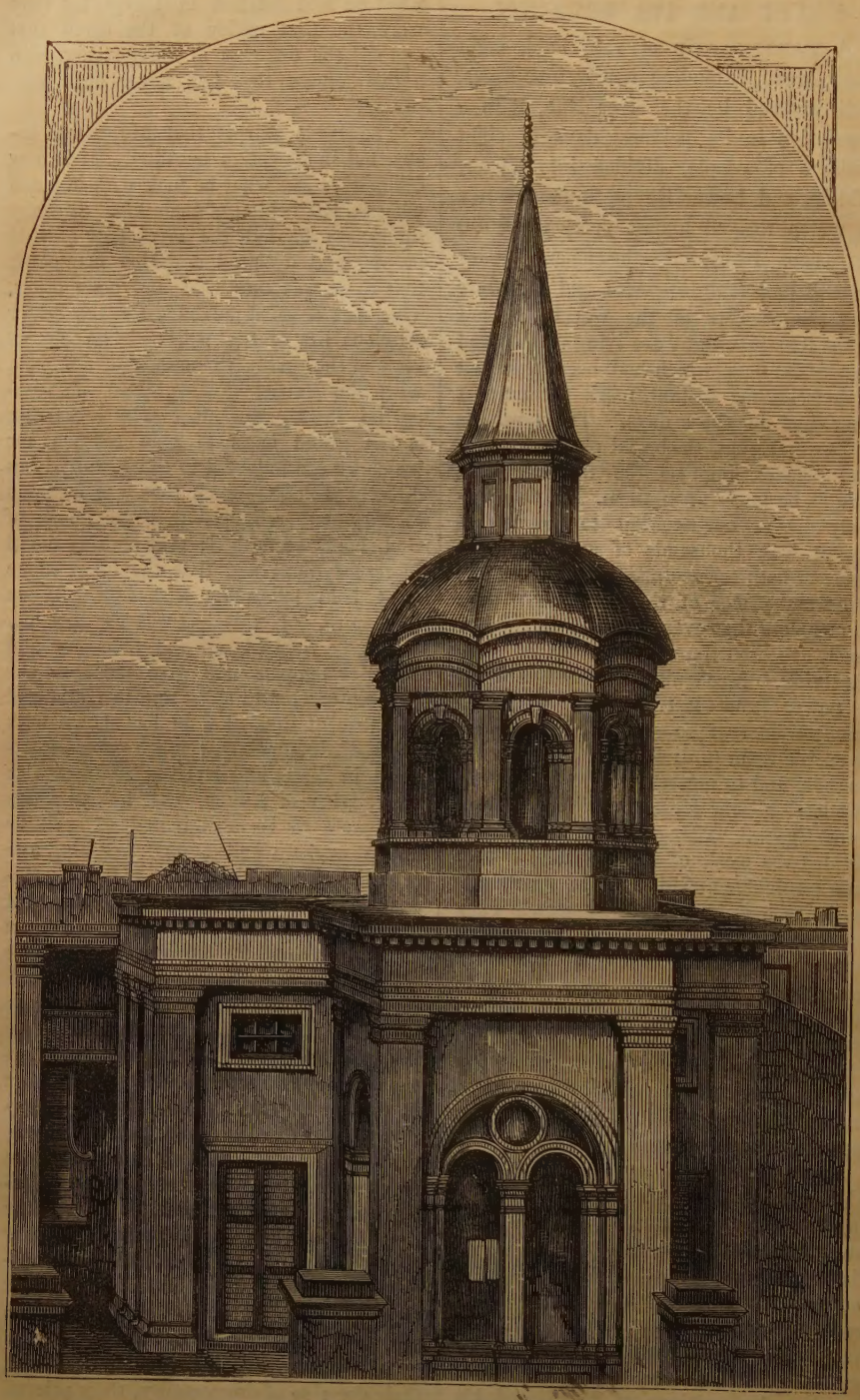
EGYPT AND ITS RELIGION.

A NARROW strip of vale land, eight miles broad, extending nearly 500 miles, well watered by the river Nile, with a population in its palmiest days of eight millions of people, divided into Upper, Middle, and Lower Egypt, is the country in which thrived almost every art 5000 years ago. Its capital—the ancient Thebes—with its temples, palaces, and ruins, are still the wonder of the world. Stones 1000 tons in weight are lying about, and one, 5000 tons, which had been hewn out of quarries far distant, mark the art that flourished in those days. The pyramids of Lower Egypt, the burial places of kings and princes, impress the traveller with awe as he looks upon them. It may possibly lessen our conceit to learn that Egypt was, thousands of years ago, the home of both science and art, and that the order and power of the government were so complete that every man in the country must, at stated times, report how he made his living. Mechanical skill had attained a power now lost. They were the first people that so studied astronomy as to enable them to divide with accuracy the seasons, and to measure correctly the year. We have all our present divisions of time from Egypt. They were the first who divided the work of the physician so that each particular malady had the special attention of one class of practitioners. They were skilful in the manufacture of both pottery and glass 4000 years ago, when our ancestors were barbarians, living in huts. They invented the first alphabet, and had an immense fondness for writing. They wrote in three different characters. Among them the arts of music, painting, sculpture, and chemistry had attained a degree of excellency and service.

Egypt has been spoken of as the "World's University," to which the distinguished philosophers, historians, and law-givers of Greece—Solon, Pythagoras, Plato, Herodotus, and others—had gone and brought away much for which they are now famed. It would appear that they taught the true theory of the solar system. Nor can we at this day doubt but that the writings of Plato, and his consoling thoughts on immortality, derive some of their strength and beauty from what he had learned in Egypt, for they were the first nation of the earth that realised the doctrine of immortality with a distinctness that has never been surpassed.

The Bible affirms that Moses was instructed in Egyptian learning. It is now difficult to say what he took with him and what he left behind of their life. We may safely say he left the mythology of that people, and declared a divine command, that there was ONE God and none other. This was a great advance for the better religious life of the world. The Mosaic view of the personal character of Jehovah, with his strict justice, and his impartial laws, and his everlasting truth, is the grand basis of true religion for which we are indebted to the Jews. Moses directly prohibits much that was common to Egyptian religion—that no image of God should be formed; that nothing could represent him; and that the heart alone must hold fellowship with him. When the spirit of this precept is obeyed, and fully realised, all the trumpery and show of temples will give place to the worship of God in spirit and in truth, and a beneficent life. Ewald has shown with great distinctness how much Moses instituted in direct and striking contrast with the religion of Egypt. All human sacrifices were to be abominated as well as image worship and animal worship, and one God alone to be adored. It is a curious fact, and almost unaccountable, that as Moses and the Jews had lived in a nation that taught a future life, where vice would be punished and virtue rewarded, there should not be any intimation in the teachings of Moses about a hereafter. This is extraordinary, we think, and may be accounted for by another and a palpable fact in human life, which God may have profoundly impressed upon the mind of Moses, that this world and its deeds find even here a recompense; that there is no postponement of judgment, that the people and the kingdoms of the earth now suffer for their sins the righteous displeasure of the Almighty. The Old Testament does most clearly enforce this view, which may be said to be anti-Egyptian.

In a future article we shall deal with their doctrine of immortality, their priests, theology, ceremonies, and worship of animals.



THE BRAHMO SOMAJ OF INDIA.

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From a photograph, sent to us by Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen we are able to present to our readers a view of the Brahmo church building in Calcutta, called the Brahmo Temple, in which the Baboo preaches every Sunday, and holds other religious meetings. We are all deeply interested in the promotion of purer religious ideas among two hundred millions of our people in British India, and a higher religious life among those of our fellow-subjects of the same Government; and it is a cause of gratitude to Almighty God in our hearts that the superstitions and degrading vices of India are being supplanted by the natives who have joined Mr. Sen in this theistic movement, and that they look up to the same heavenly Father and worship Him, and teach, with a distinctness which cannot be misunderstood that there is ONE GOD, and that He has no equal or second. In addition to this, they are doing all they can to establish in different parts of India meetings for prayer, religious instruction, and general education. In the short space of a dozen years upwards of seventy of those churches — some of them very small congregations — have been established. They have just held in Calcutta the forty-second anniversary of the erection of the first Brahmo church in Calcutta, by Rammohun Roy. At one of the open meetings nearly five thousand people were present. Hymns were sung, prayers offered, and addresses delivered. The people who met from the scattered churches in India took counsel together, and strengthened and cheered each other on, and then departed, after three days of religious services, to their own homes, over that vast empire. We cannot but look hopefully on such a movement, and pray the blessing of God on Mr. Sen and his fellow-labourers in their holy work. We may just notice the fact, that as divisions creep into all denominations, so there is a feeling of separation between two sections, in Calcutta, of this movement. There is the old party of the Somaj founded by Rammohun Roy, who are very conservative about some Indian customs and superstitions, and are less friendly to Christians. There is the new party under Mr. Sen, who are doing the great work of founding new churches and casting down all the vices and superstitions of India. They respect and encourage Christian missions, and commend the life and teachings of Christ as a great inspired prophet that God has sent into the world. They are called the Somaj of India; the old party are called the Somaj of Calcutta. Somaj means church, and Brahmo Somaj means the Church of God. In the devotions of those people they are much more animated and emotional than many of the Christian sects, and approach in their prayers and utterances the Methodist prayer meeting. Possibly we might all gain by being warmer and more hearty in our prayers; and though we fancy we can teach them something they have yet to learn, we might also learn something from them it would be well for us to feel and know.

It is true, and we embrace this opportunity of referring to the fact, the Brahmos do not regard themselves as Christians, nor Christ as their master. We have heard the view of Mr. Sen on this point, and unsatisfactory as it may be, and is to us, and all Christians, it is a simple fact, and gives considerable uneasiness to many good Christian people, and to not a few members and ministers of the Unitarian Church. Some of our brethren in America, and in England too, were shocked that Mr. Sen was allowed to preach in our pulpits and to conduct religious services among us; and some of the Trinitarian Churches were roughly handled by their journals for showing the same hospitality to Mr. Sen. Then, again, another cause of unhappy feeling has sprung up out of Mr. Dall, the American Unitarian Missionary at Calcutta, joining the Brahmo Somaj, and at the same time exposing what he deemed to be a certain narrowness and exclusiveness in their way of receiving him among them, in making him sign some articles of fellowship supposed by somebody, we cannot say who, to be a renunciation of Christianity before he could be a Brahmo. We greatly mistake the Brahmo movement of India if it implies the renunciation of Christianity, nor do we agree with a leader in the "Christian Register" which says:—

"Whatever may be thought of Mr. Dall's discretion in joining the Brahmo Somaj while acting as a missionary of the American Unitarian Association, he has rendered a great service to the public by

unmasking the narrowness and bigotry of these Oriental theists. But for the treatment which Mr. Dall has received at their hands, the world might have supposed that they welcome to their ranks all believers in God, without requiring them to renounce their Christianity, their Judaism, or even their Mohammedanism. Now, however, it is declared that their theism is anti-Christian, and no Christian is to be admitted unless he lowers Jesus to the level of Confucius and other great and wise teachers."

In the first place, we reply, that there are not a few Christian sects who shut their doors against all who do not sign their creeds and conform to their ceremonies. Many Christian churches are on a level with the Brahmos in this particular; so these Indians should not be too harshly treated for taking a leaf out of the book of Christian churches and doing as they do. Moreover, we are not to expect, nor shall we ever find that large bodies of men who have not attained the Christian faith, and do not take our Saviour for their master and guide, have the same spirit and liberal heart we wish them to have.

We never hope to find among men called "Free Religionists," "Theists," of the East or West, or even the "Indifferentists" of any country, the broad sympathies, the liberal action, the all comprehensive fellowship of a true Christian Church. We have Brahmos with us in London, who are members of our churches; they know we have raised no barrier or asked them no questions. We trust to the spirit of our religion and impose no creed. And while we deny the correctness of Mr. Dall's charge against the Brahmos of India—a serious charge, that Christ must be lowered in the mind of a Christian, and Christianity renounced—we clearly see the weakness of the Brahmo Church: it lacks a divinely inspired head, it has no grand authority and infallible guide for its disciples, such as we have in him we love to follow, Jesus Christ our Lord.

We sympathise with the Brahmo Somaj because of Christ's teaching of love to God and man as the fulfilment of human duty; his appreciating spirit that honours and rewards piety and goodness wherever they may be found; that declares he has other sheep not of this fold; that says in his judgment of the world, whoever feeds the hungry, or clothes the naked, or relieves the distress of any child of man, does this kindness "even unto me," and shall be blest for it, though he never heard of Christ; that commends the faith of a heathen woman, and immortalises the act of kindness done by a Samaritan heretic: it is the whole story of Christ's life in the Gospel, teaching us to stand aloof from no man or no class of men, to go to their homes or receive them into ours, and why not into our churches? It is all this, the genius of Christianity, that helps to fill us with admiration for what Mr. Sen and his friends are doing in India. Christ would forbid them not, though they follow not us; Christ would bless them in their holy work, though they wear not his name; for he always taught it was vastly more important, to every man, to do the things he commanded, than to say "Lord, Lord." So we have not hesitated to recognise and rejoice in the work of the Brahmo Somaj of India, notwithstanding the displeasure of some of our brethren here and elsewhere; and in proportion as that Church of God rises to the spirit of simple piety, universal benevolence, and spotless purity, it will do so more or less through the influence of the teaching and example of Christian men and women, and learn more highly to reverence him who is becoming the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

THAT description in Ephesians, "without God in the world," is freely applied to the speculative intellect of the present age. The critical tendencies now so busily at work in the religious world are attributed to positive unbelief. The prevailing theological revolution is imputed to a deadly state of heart, which in colossal pride wants to get rid of God and of moral responsibility. Not alone Rome asserts claim to infallibility. It is intimated in many quarters—it is unblushingly proclaimed in some regions—that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth relating to man, the destiny of man, Jesus Christ, God's will, and his relation to the world, has been enshrined in particular forms of faith. Whatever, therefore, disarranges and breaks up those forms must spring from an atheistic disposition.

The accusation is based upon a false conception of the human mind. A complete and rounded view of truth is impossible to a limited vision. Absolute truth can never come within the compass of a finite intellect. An eternally progressive mind can never reach a state of finality. Developing powers cannot embrace truth in its utmost circumference: their advancement would be at an end. The acquaintance of man with truth is, and must be, only partial, and partial knowledge means imperfect knowledge. There was a sceptic who misquoted a passage from the New Testament in the hearing of a little girl. She corrected him. "What!" said he, "do you know anything of the Bible?" "I know a bit of it," she answered. The mind knows bits of truth, not the entire truth. Hence no revelation, come to us from what origin and with what authority it may, can be regarded as final. Revelation is a successive communication of truth adapted to the various stages of the development of the mind.

The indictment I think is also built upon a misreading of the signs of the times. I do not think that the intellect of England is animated by the spirit of a light, frivolous, irreverent unbelief. There is irreverence, but the predominating tone of inquiry in the present period of transition (as in all its predecessors) is earnest and intense. It is the breaking forth of the old cry from the depths, sometimes in agony of doubt, "Where can God be found?" There are examples of gross violations of sacred feelings, sacred associations, sacred hopes; but the prevailing spirit appears to be one of pain that the pursuit of truth necessitates separation from old associations, and the surrendering of ancient systems of faith. It is inevitable, as Coleridge says, that the mind, creeping towards the light, like certain plants, must be drawn away from the more nourishing warmth. But these departures from old ways are not signs of atheism; they are proofs of an earnest, paramount love of truth; they are symptoms of that higher life which consists in following the inward, guiding spirit whithersoever it leadeth.

There are, however, evidences of atheism around us: not in the speculative aspects of the times, but in the practical aspects. There are audible, loud negations of God: not from the voices of intellectual inquiry, but from the voices of society. There are standing witnesses of an infidelity which has obtained a firm footing among us: not in the region of theological and scientific investigation, but on the *terra firma* of practical life. So that were the question put, "Is this an age of atheism?" the answer most in harmony with facts would unhesitatingly be, "Yes, it is." And where are there found the facts which justify the reply? They may be observed in the wearingly fastidious habits of young men and women, who are brought up too much like dolls to have the manliness and womanliness to be religious. They are to be witnessed among those who are educated to prefer daintiness to sound and honest labour. They may be seen in the grasping meanness and the clutching craving for material good that mark our time. They may be found in the chicanery and double-dealing which have become prominent characteristics of our trade. They may be detected in the rush and extravagance of reckless speculation. They may be seen in the morally disastrous division of business and religion, which is a more deadly form of infidelity than any speculative atheism, for it affirms that, however valuable God's laws may be for a few hours of worship once a week, they are too impracticable to work by in the prosecution of commerce. They may be heard in the proclamation of the belief that has got rooted among us, that God's laws are beautiful in the abstract, exquisitely adapted for anthems, but that quite other laws are necessary to trade and live upon.

This form of infidelity is visible all around us. It tests moral principle by the commercial criterion of profit and loss; and it pronounces that there is no profit but all loss, because it yields no result in shining ducats. I have read in an old book that at one period there was a man named David, who held that wealth and riches were in the house of him that feared the Lord; but, according to our modern Stock Exchange judgment, David's was the opinion of a fanatic. The religion that is wealth exists simply in the imagination of preachers. The goodness which transcends a purse in the pocket is a poetical fancy. "Virtue," as Carlyle says, "is no longer a worship of the beautiful and good: it

is a calculation of the profitable." The supreme test of the spiritual principle, the presence of which is affluence, the absence of which is poverty, is this, "Will it bake bread?" Life is reduced to the low level of Nebuchadnezzar, and the consuming aim of existence is to eat as much grass as possible. The ruling law is to invest both body and soul in houses and lands. All that is precious is to be found in the making of cloth, and having shares in a profitable company. The highest aim of being is to turn a shilling into fourteenpence. Righteousness, love, self-denial, enthusiasm, religion, are practical phrases; certainly, by the side of a five-pound note they are utterly devoid of meaning. There is no reality in these abstractions, because they possess no power which can be calculated in pence, and produce nothing which can be summed up by arithmetic, and entered in a ledger. They put nothing into the till, and there is nothing to be made out of them.

Such complete scepticism about the practical value of moral principles appears to me to be one of the highest forms of infidelity. Is it not infidelity to proclaim that religion is beautiful as an exhibition, but unprofitable as a principle? The speculative atheism which denies the existence of God is melancholy enough, but it is perhaps consistent. It may jest at religion, and fritter it away in flatteries, as did the Greeks in their decline; it may violently reject it and tear down the altars and images which symbolised conceptions of it, as did the French; whatever form it assumes, it boldly and bravely says, "There is no God." More deadly is the infidelity which admits that there is a Supreme Ruler, but asserts that He cannot rule, that his supremacy is limited to the spiritual realm, that it is foreign to the pursuit of trade, and that His laws are out of place in the sale of goods. For, as example is more powerful than sentiment, the life which excludes God from the kingdom of corn, and cotton, and wool, is more pernicious in its influence than the intellect which openly disowns his Government. The mind which concludes there is no God may be guilty of only a mental error. It may pass the verdict, because it is bewildered by spectacles which it cannot reconcile with the existence of a Being of Perfect Holiness and Justice; but the life which while it confesses that there is a God, restricts the sovereignty of the Almighty to the temple, expelling it from the manufactory, must be attributed in its origin to moral perversion. It can only be an immoral disposition which proclaims that, though there is a God, He is so foolish as to have sent forth orders which will not work, and to govern by principles which are too impracticable to be obeyed. It can only be moral distortion which has crowned upon the throne of business the false maxim that the laws of sin and the commands of unrighteousness are the only practicable ones, from which alone comes grist to the mill. This idea, essentially atheistic, pervades the commercial world; and so it comes to pass that those who, acting upon it, expel God from the region of commerce, may justly be described as living in infidelity, living "without God in the world." S. F. WILLIAMS.

LET IT PASS.

BE not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on their way,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
Let it pass!
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing this cheery song,
Let it pass!

MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The Princes of Guise, filled with increasing power since the death of Francis I., aspired to the throne of France. Ardent Papists, they did not shrink from any means of arriving at the fulfilment of their designs. The Protestants had at their head two princes, allied to the royal family, the Prince de Conde and Henry King of Navarre ; Admiral Coligny was also a firm Protestant. At the moment when the court of France, directed by the ambitious and designing Catherine de Medicis gave to the chief of the Protestants the most flattering proofs of esteem and affection, a horrible butchery was preparing.

It was resolved to exterminate in one mass all of the reformed religion in the kingdom. This project had been maintained for several years. Secret conferences on the subject had taken place at Avignon between the Queen, Catherine de Medicis, and the court of the Pope, and at Bayonne with the Duke of Alba.

The Catholics had signed a treaty of peace, but it was to set aside all suspicion and the better to arrange their measures.

The principal personages among the Protestants were to assemble in Paris for the marriage of the King of Navarre. The mother of this young prince, Jeanne d'Albret, friend and protectress of the reformers, was on the road to the capital, when she was seized all at once with a fatal malady. It was thought that she was poisoned. Admiral Coligny repaired to Paris for this fête. On the 22nd of August, 1572, he was shot at in open day by a concealed assassin. The same day there was held at court a council to deliberate on the diabolical work which was about to be accomplished. The eve of St. Bartholomew and the hour of midnight were chosen for this bloody expedition.

The hour arrived ; the clock of the Louvre gave the signal. Cosseins, commandant of the soldiers who guarded the hotel of the admiral, under pretext of anxiety for his safety, surrounded him with his band. The corpse of the excellent Admiral Coligny was thrown from a window beneath which awaited one of the family of Guise.

"Death to the Huguenots! Death to the Huguenots!" Such were the cries which resounded in all the streets of Paris. The Dukes of Guise, of Anjou, of Aumale, and the principal noblemen among the Papists, traversed the city at the head of the soldiers thirsting for blood. They forced the doors of the houses of the reformers, they massacred them in their beds, or pursued them through the streets and even to the house-tops. The Protestant nobility were, above all, the objects of their sanguinary rage. Some Protestant nobles had taken refuge in the Louvre, under the protection of the King of Navarre ; but the King, Charles IX., ordered them to quit the apartment of the prince, and to repair to the court of the palace.

The King himself, standing on the balcony, cried to the soldiers, "Slay! Slay!" and shot with a hand-gun the Protestants who attempted to cross the river Seine. All the houses in which Protestants resided were given up to pillage, while the inhabitants fell under the blows of their enemies. A thirst for the blood of the Huguenots seemed to have contaminated all ages ; children even dragged to the river those smaller than themselves. The massacrers spared neither mother nor infant ; many of the latter were dashed against the wall. Paris was inundated with blood, for the massacre continued for more than fifteen days.

The signal had been given throughout the provinces : Meaux, Orleans, Toulouse, Rouen, Angiers, Bourges, and above all Lyons, counted thousands of victims. All that rage could invent of the most frightful was placed in action. Who could count all the number of the victims? It is supposed they might have been more than a hundred thousand ; but it is impossible to know the precise truth on this subject.

The joy which all these murders caused at Rome was so great, that Gregory XIII. repaired in state to the church, and chaunted there the *Te Deum*. In the evening cannon were fired from the castle of St. Angelo in sign of the greatest rejoicing.

Cardinal Lorraine, one of the most ardent actors in this frightful tragedy, gave the sum of a thousand golden crowns to the courier who announced to him the death of Admiral Coligny and of the reformers ; and they actually struck at Rome a medal, which may be seen at this

day, with the head of Gregory XIII. on one side, and on the other an exterminating angel striking the Huguenots; "The Massacre of the Huguenots in 1572" is engraven beneath.

The greater part of the remaining Protestants who survived fled into the neighbouring countries, carrying with them their industrious habits, and, what is still more precious, the salutary influence of a faith enlightened and fervent.

The death of Charles IX. appeared as if a malediction had fallen on one at least of the perpetrators of the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. All the congratulations of the Church of Rome, all the processions and chants in his honour, rendered no calm to his soul. He appeared habitually in that state of convulsion in which the first sound of the tocsin had thrown him; his lips trembled, his actions were frantic, his eyes were suffused with blood. The most frightful remembrances filled his thoughts while lying on a bed bathed in blood, which place he never left. Often his looks wandered like those of a man who believes himself pursued by phantoms of vengeance. Sometimes he repeated blasphemies, which usually accompanied his speech; then he implored the mercy of God. His torments redoubled when he saw his wicked mother, Catherine de Medicis, approach his bed. His only solace was in the conversations he had with his nurse; she was a Protestant, and he had prevented her being included in the number of the victims of St. Bartholomew's Day. This unhappy prince died on the 30th of May, 1571, in horrible convulsions. He was only twenty-four years of age. R. E.

A NAMELESS HERO.

A STORY OF FACT.*

The sea wind went booming and thrilling across the barren and rock-bound coast. There was snow on the ground, and the cold was bitter. Mingled with the terrible song of the storm were the groaning crack of a good ship's timbers and the wild outcries of her crew. When these had fallen into awful silence, another sound arose, still sadder in that dreary waste—the wailing of a very little child.

Round a point of rock on a path above the cliffs came three small fluttering figures. How they had escaped the wreck or made their way to that place they could not have told. Two were mere babies. It was the elder of these who made that shrill cry; the youngest lay numbed and huddled up in the arms of his sister, herself far too weak for the burden. She had that power of endurance in a sudden strait which God gives to some by no means the strongest of his creatures. Her childish eyes anxiously peered out into the obscurity in search of a friendly face.

The sound of feet clambering up the cliffs, sending down showers of pebbles, and sometimes slipping back, brought the children to a stand. Was it a friend or foe? Perhaps there were strange, fierce animals abroad in this freezing place, where all was strange, or those nameless horrors of night which children dread.

The figure of a lad stepped on to the path. The little girl advanced.

"Oh, sir!" She could not say a word more, but broke down in sobs.

When the stranger drew near, the boy's terror, too, broke out afresh; he screamed aloud for his mother, and hid his face in his sister's gown.

"Mother will come soon," said the lad.

The girl looked up eagerly.

"Will she, sir? And father, too?"

"Yes, we shall find them; never fear. Why, my man, what is it? Look up, and never cry."

He knelt down before the child, and at last mounted him on his own shoulders.

"I can carry baby, too," he said.

"Oh, sir, he is so heavy!"

"Lighter for me than for you, my dear. Now, what shall we do next?"

The boy began to whine again.

"So cold, so cold! want to go to bed?"

"And we are very hungry too, sir," added the little girl, in a pitifully patient voice.

"Well, then, we will find a bed at once. And I think I have some supper in my pocket."

Little pick-a-back gave tokens of a desire to have his supper forthwith.

"No; not till you are in bed. We will find a nice warm place. Come, little woman, hold my jacket. That will help you."

* The action on which this simple tale is founded happened in October, 1867. The poor lad's name is unknown.

The children laboured on with the cheery guide, who was but a poor weakly lad, and at last found his strength failing under the pressure of the wind and the children's weight, and yet there was no sign of human help. Suddenly the fitful moonlight showed a rent in the rocky wall beside their path. Within, at the farther end, he found a small dry space, with a pile of withered moss heaped against the side. The lad thanked God for it, and framed and smoothed it into a pallet, on which he carefully laid the three little ones.

"Will you not lie down too, sir?" asked the courteous, courageous little girl.

"I want my supper," wailed the boy; and the tiniest began to raise a feeble cry.

The lad took from his pocket some hard biscuit soaked with sea-water—nauseous enough; but the children were too hungry to be nice. There was not much, and he divided it all between them.

"Will you not have some of it, sir?"

"I? oh, no, my dear. I had my supper long ago."

So the biscuit was all eaten, and the little fellow stopped crying.

"Now you must say your prayers," said their protector.

The poor little lass began dutifully tumbling out of her moss-bed.

"You can lie still, dear. I will pray, and you shall say, Amen."

"Will God listen when we are lying down?"

"Yes; to-night He will."

Then, kneeling beside the brave child, he uttered a reverent petition.

"We thank thee, dear Lord, for having saved us from great danger, and pray Thee to make our lives worthy of being saved." This was the simple burden of his prayer, ending with the omnipotent "Our Father."

Then he sat down to wait until the children should fall asleep. He would then, he thought, slip away to find their parents and the other survivors, should there be any, and perhaps to get the rest and refreshment he so sorely needed. But the unconscious, childish selfishness, was not yet satisfied.

"So cold!" wailed the boy; and a piteous little cry, "Baby cold," joined in chorus. It was in vain to pile the moss around them.

"I want my blanket," was the clear demand.

At last the kind lad, stripping off his jacket, spread it over them, and tucked it in, and then they were satisfied. Shivering as with ague, he crept down beside his trusty little friend, as he somehow felt the brave little girl to be trying to get warm. It would not be long, he thought, before the children would fall asleep, and then he would warm himself with exercise, and find help at last. Once, when all was still, he ventured to move; but this time it was his patient little friend who pleaded, in a very wakeful voice:—

"Please, sir, don't go away. I cannot get to sleep, and I am so frightened?"

So he stayed.

It was like a dream to him, that weird, dark hole in the hill-side, looking forth on a patch of cloud-swept sky:—

> And here and there
> A wild star swimming in the lurid air.

One of the children awoke, and began to cry, "Mother!" He roused himself again, though numbing frost seemed soaking into all his frame. He soothed the child, and even tried to lull it off with a little story; but the words ran one into another, and that effort came to nought.

So passed the weary night. At length, when dawn had taken the horror from their sleeping place, he told the children to lie still, for he would go to find their parents, and so left them with a kiss.

He blundered on as in a dream, seeming to see through a mist, with a dim sense of sickness and feebleness.

When or how he hardly knew, he descried two haggard figures hastening towards him through the snow. They hurried faster on seeing him, and came up with eager, woeful faces.

"Our children—our three little children—have you seen them? We think that they were saved."

He told them where to go, though, as he spoke, his voice sounded thin and small in his own ears, as if it came from afar. Thanking him with deep gratitude, they hurried by.

When the parents were returning with their little ones, they found their brave preserver lying dead on the snow, not far from the spot where they had parted from him.

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

ROMISH CHURCH.—Was it not Robert Hall, the eloquent Baptist, who depicted the Romish Church as "a religion lying in state surrounded with the silent pomp of death?"

FATHERHOOD OF GOD.—A Methodist editor says that the doctrine of God's Fatherhood has made more Universalists than any other cause. That is indeed the case. But the same editor, despite the Lord's Prayer, argues that God is not the sinner's Father.

SAVED BY IDIOCY OR INFANCY.—A minister maintains that the Christian religion is a humane and adequate institution, because all infants and idiots are saved, and as more than one-half of the human race die in infancy it follows that more than one-half of the race are saved at any event.

THE RIGHT FEELING.—Pope in a letter to Swift says, I am rich enough and can afford to give away £100 a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little for truth. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground."

PAUL'S ADVICE.—Paul warns Timothy (1st Tim. vi. 20) to avoid "profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so-called." This word science is nearly equivalent to our word orthodox. A better rendering of it would be, oppositions of orthodoxy, falsely so-called. Yet from that day to this "orthodoxy" has been the most pestilent heresy which has infested the Church.

THE SERVICE OF FEAR.—Neander quotes Strabo as saying that the "multitude" can be restrained only by punishment; that the "common rabble" can be influenced by no higher motive; and that superstition and the fear of angry gods are therefore necessary. Those who argue that but for the fear of endless woe there would be nothing to restrain sinners have Strabo's estimate of human nature.

HEPWORTH'S WORD.—Some excitement has been caused by the Rev. G. H. Hepworth leaving our fold. Some time ago, he said, "The whole current of the time flows in our direction. A quarter of the good people in New York, whether they know it or not, are essentially Unitarian. All we ask is that a man shall inform himself concerning our position. The more he thinks of the matter the more closely allied to us he will become."

FORM OF PRAYER.—Words receive their meanings from the involuntary agreement of a nation. Hence the study of a language is the study of the human mind. Thus, when a Prayer Book is called a formulary, we do not expect it to receive more than a formal approval. A liturgy is a form of prayer, too often used by a congregation only for form's sake. So also when we sign a letter as "Your obedient servant," we are only using a form.

SOMETHING DONE.—In the *National Standard*, Wendell Phillips says that the protest of Quakers and Unitarians 'has changed the creeds and pulpits of all Christendom, Roman Catholics not excepted. Channing preaches in every pulpit, and George Fox's broad hat looks out from every creed."

A POOR CHILD'S REPLY.—There is food for reflection for Christian workers in the story that Dr. Guthrie once asked a ragged boy whom he came upon in the streets: "When your father and mother forsake you who will take you up?" "The police," was the instant answer of that little boy.

BIBLE REVISION.—It has been thought advisable that a committee should be appointed in America to aid the committee in London. The appointment of a Unitarian there has made no stir, for one of their papers says:—"Ezra Abbot, LL.D., as a member of the American Committee on the Revision of the Holy Scriptures, is pre-eminently in his right place. The Unitarian denomination could not have furnished his superior, hardly his equal, for the duties of this important position."

A CHILD'S QUESTIONING.—The foundation of the earth has finally been discovered by a youthful philosopher who sought a solution of the cosmos in the wisdom of his grandmother, whom he questioned thus: "Grandmother, what does the earth rest on?" "On the back of a tortoise," she replied, sagely. "Well what does the tortoise stand on?" "On the back of an elephant," was her prompt response. "But," continued the logical interrogator, "on what does the elephant stand?" "On a pile of rocks," said the unbaffled sage. "Yes, grandmother, but the *rocks*, what do *they* rest on?" "The rocks! Why, you little rogue, they are rocks all the way down."

TO UNITARIANS.—So far as facts and arguments go, the question between the two theologies, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian, is as completely settled as the question between the two astronomies: the old, which makes our earth the centre around which sun, moon, and stars, revolve every twenty-four hours; and the new which makes our earth a lesser planet in our solar system, which is but one among countless systems of worlds. With the facts fairly presented and considered, it is no more possible to believe in the old theology than in the old astronomy. *And all the Unitarians have to do is to set the facts fairly before the people.*

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